308 working days): while its record for postage on parcel post packages for one day alone was $6,148.

But high records are fortunately not confined to any one region, although volume of business is always governed by population. Yet a concern at Logan, Utah, handling hosiery and moved purely by business considerations, changed from the express companies to the parcel post, and this second-class postoffice is either third or fourth on the list in number of "collect on delivery" packages. This system was made available to patrons last July, and it enables the sender of a mailable parcel on which the postage is fully prepaid to have the price of the articles and the charges thereon collected from the addressee on payment of a fee of ten cents, provided the amount to be collected does not exceed $100.

This feature has been beneficial and become very popular, owing to the promptness with which collections are returned to the senders, and I have no doubt that the service will prove of great convenience to our farming population when they accustom themselves to a larger use of the parcel post. It has also stimulated mail-order business in many transactions by making the payment of money in advance unnecessary. The collect-on-delivery feature has been made more popular, in business circles, because all such packages are insured against loss without additional charge in any amount equivalent to its actual value, but not to exceed fifty dollars. It is estimated, however, that more than 6,000,000 packages were insured (an equivalent of registry) during the year.

To what extent the parcel post will become popular in city delivery service is a question that time alone will settle. Inasmuch as the greatest thing needed has been the training of the public to realize that many more things can be selected, bought, and shipped by mail than has ever been the case before, the extent to which the public will make use of the system for strictly urban and suburban delivery depends on the public itself. Proper containers, within the reach of all, that will stand hard usage for a reasonable length of time, like a kitchen utensil, will naturally add to the convenience of shopping by mail. There has been some talk of patrons furnishing their own containers, or the merchant or producer supplying them; but, regardless of what the preference will be, whether the merchant provides the container, or whether the customer provides the first, to be made interchangeable with similar containers, it will indeed be quite easy for one to order by mail or telephone.

Perishable things like milk, meats, bread, cake, fruit, produce, can be handled by parcel post with swiftness and safety. In fact, it makes delivery possible where it is not possible in any other way. The large stores have excellent systems of delivery; but the small specialty houses, whose material and goods are always in demand, and may be needed the same day, are the ones that will benefit, to say nothing of the customer.

In a city like New York, for instance, where specialty houses are many, there are occasions when immediate delivery is required and made possible only by parcel post. A woman living on Riverside Drive purchases in the morning some buttons at a shop, and finds, upon arriving home, that they are not enough. Six more, say, are required that afternoon, because she wishes to wear that gown with the fancy buttons. She telephones

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A CENTURY OF OLD HICKORY

By WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THE centenary of the Battle of New Orleans, which falls on January 8 of next year, will doubtless be much celebrated, especially by the admirers of Andrew Jackson. It will be worth commemorating. For his skill and valor on the Plain of Chalmette the "Hero of New Orleans" deserves all the credit that he will receive and has received for many years on each recurring "Saint Jackson's Day."

But there is another Jacksonian centenary occurring before that which is in some respects even more worthy of notice; for if it was New Orleans that made Jackson President, it was Horseshoe Bend that made him the commander at New Orleans and gave him his immortal soubriquet of "Old Hickory." It was the battle at Tohopeka, the Horseshoe Bend of the Tallapoosa, that made Jackson famous, and transformed him in a day from an officer of Tennessee frontier militia into a Major General of the United States army.

Jackson was then forty-seven. He had been a saddler, law student, farmer, horse racer, storekeeper, planter, politician, Judge, Representative and Senator in Congress, enemy of Washington, both friend and foe of Burr, duelist, and militia officer. Also he probably gave its name to the State of Tennessee. At the meridian of life, however, he was by no means a national figure, and apparently not in the way of becoming one.

Then the Creek War came on, as an adjunct to our second war with Great Britain; provoked, men said, by British incitements on the northern frontier, which were transmitted to the South by the great Tecumseh and the Prophet, with the design of organizing a universal Indian war against the United States. The Creeks were formidable, one of the greatest of all the Indian nations, and all the greater and more formidable because they had become partly civilized and Christianized, as the result of labors begun by Washington and continued by his successors. They had extensive lands in Alabama, where they practised agriculture and bade fair to attain a considerable measure of civilization. But on the coming of Tecumseh, while some of them remained peaceful and loyal to the United States, many of them went on the warpath; at first under the lead of King Paine and his lieutenant Boleck, familiarly known as Bowlegs.

AS early as September, 1812, these worthies began fighting the Georgia militia, and in one of the first engagements King Paine was killed. By the summer of 1813 the troubles had become so serious that the Tennessee militia under Jackson, more than two thousand strong, was sent south to assist the local forces. Jackson had, at the beginning of the war with Great Britain, offered his services to the government, and was eager to go to the defense of New Orleans, which it was expected the British would attack, and he was mightily disappointed when, after being under arms for a few weeks, he was released and sent home. He was therefore glad to be summoned against the Creeks; but was a second time disappointed by being sent home after a few weeks more of waiting service.

The removal of his forces was, however, disastrous; for soon afterward the Creeks took advantage of his absence to perpetrate the massacre of Fort Mims, one of the most dreadful in all the history of Indian atrocities. They were now under the lead of Weatherford, one of the greatest warriors and orators of the Creek nation. This extraordinary man was the son of a Muskhogean (Creek) peddler and a Seminole woman. He was tall and commanding in person, generally silent and reserved, but on occasion gifted with a fiery and persuasive eloquence comparable with that of Tecumseh, Logan, or Red Jacket. In council wise, in battle fearless and ruthless, he was a natural leader of men. He had a sordid passion for wealth, of which he amassed much, and he was addicted to many of the worst vices of both the white and the red races.

Such was the organization and leader of the Creek Confederacy in its war against the United States, and such was the man against whom Andrew Jackson was to be pitted.

The massacre of Fort Mims occurred at the end of August, 1813, and that fall Jackson was sent to the region with three thousand Tennessee and other militia, marching straight for Ten Islands, on the Coosa, in the Creek country. He would have got there sooner than he did but for having to wait for recovery from a wound he had received in a duel with Thomas H. Benton. Several engagements were fought, chiefly by his subordinates, General Coffee and General Carroll, and the campaign might have been pursued at once to a successful termination but for lack of supplies. By some wretched blunder provisions were not sent to the troops when needed, and they were reduced to great privation and compelled to retreat.

ONE day Jackson was seated at the foot of a tree, munching a frugal meal, when a soldier approached him, begging food and evidently at the point of starvation. Jackson responded by taking from his pocket a handful of acorns and handing them to his guest, saying that they had been for sometime his sole food. The soldier accepted them, and went away to tell his comrades that they ought not to murmur at privations, seeing that the General himself had nothing to eat but acorns. From this incident grew a story that Jackson invited his officers to dine with him, and then gave them nothing but acorns to eat. There were, however, numerous small mutinies in the army until it got back to Tennessee. Meanwhile other troops, under Generals Cooke, White, Floyd, Claiborne, and others, maintained a prosperous but not decisive campaign against the Indians.

Jackson returned to the scene in January, 1814, and was joined by some hundreds of friendly Creeks under a chief named Fife. Sharp engagements were fought at Emuckfaw on January 22, and at Enotochopko Creek two days later, and then Jackson rested at Fort Strother, at Ten Islands, on the Coosa, until March 24. Then, having received large reënforcements of Tennessee militia and friendly Indians, he set out for the Creek headquarters, intending to strike a blow that would end the war.

His objective was Horseshoe Bend, called by the Creeks Tohopeka, on the Tallapoosa River. Here the Creeks had a fortress that they deemed impregnable. It stood on a bluff at the extreme inner end of a long horseshoe bend of the river; so that it was surrounded by the river except at one point, where access was had by a narrow strip of lowland, fully commanded by the ramparts of the fort. Across this neck the Creeks built a wall of logs and earth, from five to eight feet high, pierced with a double row of loopholes and portholes, through which a murderous fire could be directed. Back of this was a fortress, and beyond, in fancied security, was an area of a hundred acres, occupied by a thousand resolute and indeed desperate Indians.

Jackson, with nearly three thousand men, arrived within six miles of the place on the evening of March 26. Next morning he sent General Coffee, with cavalry and the Indian levies, to cross the river two miles below the fort and surround the place on the other side, so as to prevent escape in that direction. It was his purpose to let no enemy escape, but to blot out the hostile Creeks at a single blow. The remainder of his force he led to the breastworks on the neck, to carry them by assault. First, however, a heavy cannon and rifle fire was directed against them.

When the Indian allies under General Coffee, at the other side of the fort and river, heard the firing, they could no longer be held to await the sallying of the garrison, but themselves rushed to the attack. Some of them swam the river and brought back canoes, in which the whole force crossed over and invaded the peninsula, attacking in the rear the defenders of the fort and breastworks whom Jackson was attacking in front. At this Jackson sent forward his troops to the assault, led by Colonels Williams and Montgomery. The latter, a fine young officer, was shot dead as he sprang upon the breastworks; but his followers swept impetuously on.

There was a desperate muzzle to muzzle and hand to hand conflict for a few minutes, and then the troops swarmed irresistibly over into the inclosure. Of all the Indians within, not more than fifty escaped. Five hundred and fifty-seven dead bodies lay on the peninsula, while hundreds more were shot or drowned when attempting to escape across the river. Three hundred women and children were taken prisoners. Among the killed was the famous prophet and orator Monahoe, who was fatally shot in the mouth, "as if," said Jackson, "Heaven designed to chastise his impostures by an appropriate punishment."

A few days later Jackson, intent upon making his